

Neptune's Resignation.

Written on the Naval Victory obtained by Sir *Edw. Hawke*, Nov. 20, 1759, over the *French*, off *Belleisle*.

THE Wat'ry God, great Neptune, lay,
In dalliance soft, and amorous play,
On Amphitrite's breast;
When Uproar rear'd its horrid head,
The Tritons shrunk, the Neriads fled,
And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain,
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
The god amazed spoke!
"Ye Winds, go forth, and make it known,
"Who dares to shake my coral throne,
"And fill my realms with smoke!"

The Winds, obsequious at his word,
Sprung strongly up, to obey their lord,
And saw two fleets a-weigh;
The one, victorious Hawke, was thine;
The other, Conflans' wretched line,
In terror and dismay.

Appal'd, they view Britannia's sons,
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
And strike the deadly blow!
Which caus'd ill-fated Gallic slaves,
To find a tomb in briny waves,
And sink to shades below.

With speed they fly, and tell their Chief,
That France was ruin'd past relief,
And Hawke triumphant rode:
"Hawke! (cry'd the fair,) pray who is he
"That dare usurp this pow'r at sea,
"And thus insult a god?"

The Winds reply, "In distant lands,
"There reigns a King, who Hawke commands;
"He scorns all foreign force;
"And, when his floating castles roll
"From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
"Great Hawke directs their course:

"Or, when his winged bullets fly,
"To punish fraud and perfidy,
"Or scourge a guilty land,
"Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,
"Tho' death and horror round him wait,
"Performs his dread command!"

Neptune with wonder heard the story
Of George's sway, and Britain's glory,
Which time shall ne'er subdue;
Boscawen's deeds, and Saunders' fame,
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,
Then cry'd, "Can this be true!

"A King! he sure must be a god!
"Who has such heroes at his nod
"To govern earth and sea!
"I yield my trident and my crown,
"A tribute due to such renown!
"Great George shall rule for me!"